

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, APRIL, 21 1864.

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 44

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THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
ROSS & ROSSER,
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - - APRIL 21

We are permitted to publish for the first time, the following beautiful production from our gifted young townsman:

The Little Boy Guiding the Plow.

BY HENRY T. STANTON.

When the bugle note rang in the quivering trees,
And the drum beat a nation to arms,
Our people came up from the shore of the seas,
And away from their blue mountain farms,
All stalwart and strong as the sturdy old pines,
Or, the wave-breaking rock of the shore;
They came in their long gleaming columns and lines,
Till the bugle note sounded no more.
There are hearts in the ranks as light as the foam—
There are those of a gloomier brow;
And some, who have left but a mother at home,
With her little boy guiding the plow.

There are silver-haired men—the blood in their veins
Leaping down the red alleys of youth,
All fresh as the water-fall thrown to the plains,
And as free as the beautiful truth—
There are sons too, and sires, the old and the young,
In the midnight and morning of life,
Who came from the hills and the valleys among,
To be first in the glorious strife—
And many, (how many!) beneath the bine dome,
Are bending in solitude now,
To plead for the weal of the mother at home,
And her little boy guiding the plow.

Oh! the pang of his heart, and the keenest of all,
That a wandering father may know,
Is the vision of home, with its agony-calls—
It's hunger and shivering woe;
And who would not chafe in the holiest chain,
At a vision as gloomy as this,
Though he kneels in his heart, that each moment
Of pain,
Would but hallow his future of bliss!

And who would not weep in a vision of gloom,
When the evil-one whimpers him how,
That toll grew apace to the mother at home,
And her little boy guiding the plow.
But, courage! keep courage, oh, brave away!
Be noble, and faithful, and parent,
And the midnight shall pass and the glorious day,
Shall dawn over tyranny's grave.

Though a desolate thing is a fowled farm,
And as dreary a farrowless field,
Yet, God, in his mercy, will strengthen the arm,
Of the little boy asking a yield;
And the stubbornest clay shall be as the loam,
And the patriot spirit shall bow,
And ask for a friend for the mother at home,
And her little boy guiding the plow.

Oh, God will be kind to the needy and poor,
Who shall suffer from tyranny's hand;
His foot-prints will be by the lowliest door,
And his bounty shall cover the land,
And broken the globe in the valley and mead,
Where the poorest and weakest may be;
And plenty shall spring of the promising seed,
Till a nation shall live to be free.

And never, oh never, shall tyranny come,
With iron-bound bosom and brow,
When God gives him back to the mother at home,
And her little boy guiding the plow.
Oh, God will be kind to the needy and poor,
Who shall suffer from tyranny's hand;
His foot-prints will be by the lowliest door,
And his bounty shall cover the land,
And broken the globe in the valley and mead,
Where the poorest and weakest may be;
And plenty shall spring of the promising seed,
Till a nation shall live to be free.

PRAYER.

BY G. R. CALVERT.

'Tis prayer that fits the portals of the heart,
And pours a flood of beauty o'er the soul;
No tyrant's chain can force it to depart,
No frown can smother, and no threat control
When pause the powers of blood-drunk war, to see
Fraud bodies crouching to each throat-slitting nod,
The soul, triumphant, soars high, proud, and free,
O'er all the realms of nature—to her God.

The things of time ah, how they melt or flee
Before its influence, gentle and serene—
As soft as moonlight on a sleeping sea—
Strong as the faith which moves it all unseen!
Were we to search the annals of heaven,
Amid truth's weapons, that are gathered there,
We find none better than to us is given—
The Christian's earnest, fervent, heartfelt prayer.

Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is weary, waiting,
Waiting for the May;
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May;
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer's beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May;
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wowing willows,
Where, in laughter and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

'Now mark what I say to you, Susy Barton. I won't have no more of this nonsense about Henry Grayworth. No body ever heard of him until he came hanging around last summer, calling himself an artist, and sketchin' every old pile of stuns he came across. Able Powers is worth a dozen of him and I expect when he comes to night you'll tell him your much obliged for his kind offer, and you'll try to make him a good wife. Either you promise Abel Powers this very night to marry him, and give up this ridiculous nonsense about that other fellow, or you leave my house quicker'n lightning.'

The widow Stone's eyes sparkled and the suff-colored ribbon on her cap quivered ominously. Susy rose without a word, her cheeks glowing, and deliberately walked out of the house, scarcely staying to tie her little sun-bonnet under her chin.

'True as I live she has gone,' exclaimed the widow, half relenting. 'I didn't calculate she'd fire up so quick. But let her go—I don't care. She'll be back again, soon enough.'

A short time afterwards, Susy Barton sat on a fallen log in the woods, the sun-bonnet pushed back from her glossy auburn hair, her tiny feet stirring the withered fern plumes below, and her blue trusting eyes turned upon the face of a tall, slender young man, who stood beside her, his dark hair blown about by the sunset wind.

This Abel Powers is a rich farmer, dearest, is he not? asked the stranger.

Susy nodded wonderingly.

Then, he pursued, I scarcely know why you choose in preference, one like me, who only offers his loving heart.

Because, returned Susy innocently, I loved you.

And are you willing to share my lot, hard and comfortless as it may be—I do not say will be.

I would go to the world's end, said Susy, earnestly putting both her little palms in Harry Grayworth's outstretched hands.—And as she placed the seal upon her fate for richer or poorer, for better or worse!

It was the evening before Christmas—cold and clear, with snow on the hills and the woods all snapping and cracking in a sheath of ice. The widow Stone trudging along the road that led to Ellerton Hall, began to speculate rather uneasily whether she would reach her destination before dark. For she was carrying a famous receipt for Christmas pies to the housekeeper at Ellerton Hall.

It's a fine place, soliloquized the widow Stone, as she sat down to rest herself on a green boulder by the way side, and only to think that Mr. Ellerton has lived away from it all his life. I don't see what folks find so dreadful nice in traveling about, I must say. However, Mrs. Peckham, a clever old lady she is, and wears real handsome caps—the says he's coming home to-morrow with his young wife. It's a great thing to be born here. I'd like to get a peep at Mrs. Ellerton—I wonder if she'll be at church Sunday. I s'pose she wears a silk gown every day of her life; and white embroidered skirts. Mrs. Peckham says they've been fittin' up the house wonderful fine for her.

The widow was plodding along once more, when there was a cheery jingle of sleigh bells in the road behind her, and two fiery horses were checked close to her. A sweet face, set in a frame work of auburn curls, leaned out of the window and two eager hands were extended.

Anty!

Low sakes alive! ejaculated the widow. Is Susy Barton, Child, where have you been all this time, and where are you going now?

Got a pretty good situation?

Very, said Susy.

You'll find the housekeeper a dreadful nice lady, said the widow, patronizingly.—I'll speak a good word for you to her if you like.

Thank you, said Susy, veiling her eyes beneath their long lashes.

What sort of a person is Mrs. Ellerton? pursued the widow. She must be easy tempered, if she lets you go cutting round in this velvet cushioned sleigh with a feller in a gold-banded tail to drive you.

Oh, she's very kind to me, returned Susy. Is she pretty?

Well—I don't know—I can't say exactly, said Susy, slightly embarrassed.

The old lady was just turning around to demand an explanation, when the sleigh dashed up in front of the portico of Ellerton Hall, and they descended.

ejaculated the amazed widow Stone, doubting the transmissive accuracy of the silver spectacles she had confided in for ten years. You have got the first two names right, Mrs. Stone, said the gentleman laughing, but my name happens to Henry Grayworth Ellerton.

Are you Mrs. Ellerton? exclaimed the widow wheeling round so as to face her piece once more.

She is Mrs. Ellerton! exclaimed her husband, smiling. I wished to marry one who would love me for myself alone and not for my wealth and station, and so I came to the village a poor artist, under the name of Graywood, and wooed and won this precious wife of mine. She never knew my real name until we stood side by side at the altar.

He passed his arm around Susy's waist and looked down upon her with a sort of effusive pride, answered by the living light in her own eyes.

The widow sat down and rubbed her spectacles vehemently.

It is just like the books I used to read when I was a girl she exclaimed at last.

The widow did not know that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

Advice to Girls.

The following "To the Daughters of the United States," which we find in the *Poughkeepsian*, is from the pen of Josh Billings, who, to use one of his own expressions, is "infectious" at giving advice; but we must say his injunction to the girls not to be afraid to marry, is quite superfluous. We never yet saw one that was afraid not to marry.

DEAR GIRLS:—Keep cool. A blessed future await you, my dear. Take lessons in the piano at once; pianos are getting scarce. Bi awl means learn to play the piano that has just come out. "When" John Brown is over we are father Abraham cumming with this cruel war several strong. This stanza took the first premium at the state fair. Don't be afraid to get married yere ma want afraid. Larn how to knit pudding bags to put yere hair in. Be virtuous and pretty. Eat slat pianos, let walk ye spri at figgers. Eat colone water; that will make a good smell. Let yere petticoats drag on the sidewalk, and if any man steps on them and larns ye the rim, slap his chops at once. If you have got small feet, keep 'em hid—small feet has gone out of fashion. Study travels; Tom Moore and Byron and Gullivers, and wanderful Jew's is awl first rate. If you can spare the time be luvly sweet. Remember one thing, that ain't nothing in this life worth livin' for, but a rich husband; if you don't believe me, ask yere ma. If you have got red hair yu had better exchange it for black; black hair tell me is going to be worn much next year.—Don't have any thing to do with the boys, unless the mean business. If you don't know how to skate, yu mite as well fine some travellin' nunnery at once, for yere played out.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.—Considering the man you call your friend; tell me, will he weep with you in the house of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions which others are ridiculing and censuring behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defense, while detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapon at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life in which you cannot appear as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burthen of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your tale of symptoms, and administer the balm of consolation to your fainting spirits? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart?

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.—Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature, that there is efficacy in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animals into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can change the ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast, unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud and flower and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and briar, would spring up the fire tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.

You can stop a clock at any moment, but you cannot stop a watch. The same remark, my brethren, applies to the talk of a man and woman. He is a great, coarse, ugly machine, but you can silence him. She is a beautiful, fragile, jewelled thing—but she will run on until she stops herself.

There are no other creatures in nature that can charm like women and snakes.

We ask our readers to give the following article a careful reading. It is from that sterling Democratic paper, the *Bangor (Me.) Democrat*. The Editor expresses the belief that a War Democrat, elected to the office of President, would resort to more infamous and odious measures, for the prosecution of the war, than any ever resorted to by Lincoln; and we think that the writer's reasons are plain and conclusive:

The Reason.

In our last issue we expressed the belief that this war, taken up at the end of Mr. Lincoln's term of office, and prosecuted by a Democratic Administration, would prove more burdensome, more fruitful in arbitrary arrests, and more fatal to free speech and a free press, than it has hitherto done. We deem it due to our readers to give a reason for such a belief.

We do not hold that the Democratic party, as an organization, is disposed to arbitrary measures as the Republican; but we do hold that this war, alike unconstitutional and hostile to every principle of liberty, will force any party which undertakes to conduct it, to the commission of most high handed desperate acts.

We do not believe that Mr. Lincoln, when he assumed the reins of Government, had an innate desire to convert our forts into batteries, and to fill them with prisoners of State. But he entered upon a war which had no justification either in reason or in fact, and having entered upon it, he could only save his Administration from infamy by bringing it to a successful issue. He and his supporters were aware that the merits of the war would not bear discussion. They knew that it was of vital importance to them, that there should be a seeming unanimity of support of the war at the North. Hence all discussion was silenced by mob violence, instigated by government, and by arbitrary arrests and imprisonment.

If the war rendered such steps necessary in the beginning, when the Government was free from debt, when there was at its disposal the accumulated wealth of nearly fifty years of peace, and when a million of men could be summoned to arms at the call of the bugle, what may we not expect when the Government is overwhelmed with debt, when our accumulated wealth has all been wasted, and when the land is stripped of its able bodied men.

Let us suppose, then, a Democratic Administration inaugurated on the Fourth of March next, on the pledge of bringing the war to a speedy close by "crushing armed rebellion." Let us see in what condition it will be to redeem its pledge.

Is it reasonable to presume that the Republican party will give the war a cordial support, when it shall be prosecuted by a Democratic Administration, not for the purpose of emancipation, especially when they remember that their mode of prosecuting it was uniformly and persistently condemned by the war Democrats? Is it reasonable to suppose that they would contribute their efforts to bring a war to a successful issue under a Democratic Administration, which had miserably failed under a Republican Administration? It is not reasonable thus to presume or thus to suppose.

We take it for granted that the attitude of the Peace Democracy in relation to the war would be the same under a Democratic Administration, when it shall be under the present Republican Administration.

Such, then, would be the disposition of the great mass of the people towards the war. The Administration, then, would be obliged to resort to the most arbitrary measures to secure men and means. As we have already intimated, it will find the country sorely drained of both. To fill its armies it would be compelled to resort to a most relentless conscription; and to fill its Treasury it will be compelled to resort to forced loans. These measures will incite insurrection, and to suppress insurrections, it will be obliged to suppress freedom of speech and freedom of press, and in fine to resort to all those despotic measures which have ever characterized every Government in its experiments when not cordially sustained by a majority of the people.

Such would be the condition of affairs at the North. How will they be at the South? The end of each year of the war has found the South stronger than the beginning. The Confederate States have been infinitely more successful in defending themselves than were the colonies during the first three years of the Revolution. The conviction of the entire South has now become settled and deep that their independence is an established fact. They anticipate no other result of the war.

Thrown upon their own resources by the blockade, they have become well nigh independent of the world in all respects. Indeed the South has become a Sparta. Their business is war. To this end the energies of her entire population, slave and free, old and young, male and female are directed. Unless every indication fails, the South, in every particular, will be stronger on the fourth of March next, than they are at this moment.

If our view of the case is correct then, a Democratic Administration inaugurated on a war platform, would find an exhausted, divided, and factions North, and a united, determined and powerful South. An attempt to prosecute this war under such circumstances would certainly result in a most disgraceful failure. Surely there are no laurels, no glory, to be won by the Democracy in the war path.

There is a course which the Democratic can take which will greatly add to its already bad name. To the Democratic party belongs the glory of having made our land the great and prosperous country it was when delivered over to the hands of the present Republican Administration. To the Democratic party, as an organization, attaches not one particle of the infamy that has made that fair country the miserable wreck which we now find it.

If a betrayed, but undetected people shall next November decide to place again the administration of the Government in the hands of the Democratic party, let it be the end and aim of the party to restore the

country, as far as possible, to its former proud position.

Let the future historian record of this party that it took the country from the hands of the Republicans a ruined wreck; that its first act was the inauguration of an honorable peace; that its guiding star was its ancient doctrine of State sovereignty; that it recognized in its practice the doctrine that Government should only exist by the consent of the governed; that it re-established trade between the North and South; that it again covered the ocean with merchant ships; that it recalled wasting and destroying armies to the peaceful cultivation of the soil; that it relieved the business community of that fatal narcotic, an irredeemable paper currency, and re-established business on the firm basis of a metallic currency; in fine, that it plucked the country "as a brand from the burning," and again set it on the grand highway of national prosperity.

The True Position.

The Democratic Watchman of Bellefonte, Pa., sounds a clarion note for the Democracy. It takes the true, and only position, in regard to the Chicago Convention, and the Presidential campaign. It says personal regards must be abandoned—and personal antipathies also. It says:

"It is not the man but the principle; not who will be the candidate but—will the platform be right? Will we have the well established, long cherished, time-honored principles of our party to battle for; or will it be a fight simply for success and the spoils of office? These are the questions that interest us, and should interest every Democrat, more than the insignificant claim, or supposed popularity of any man.

"As a party we have been too willing to accept the miserable dogmas hatched up by some run down political hacks for the sake of expediency and temporary success.—That kind of work should be 'played out.' The honest masses of the Democratic party should demand that the issue forced upon the country by this miserable, imbecile administration, be met openly and boldly—should demand a platform of few words and plain expressions, with a candidate as open as fearlessness, as unequivocal as it pledged to stand by it though defeat and death stare him in the face; no other should satisfy them, no other should receive their support. If we are fighting, as some office-expectants would have the people believe, simply for the sake of success—that we may build bonfires and shout after the election—occupy the offices and pocket the proceeds—distribute the places among our friends and have a general glorification, then we ask why not run the man simply that will beat Abraham Lincoln or the regular nominee of the Abolition party? Why not do as the Democrats of this district did at the last Congressional election, run an Abolitionist at once, and be ashamed of their proceedings ten days after the election. John C. Fremont will, no doubt be an independent candidate, in opposition to Abraham I. He will run a large vote in the opposition party; with the Democrats to back him there could be no doubt of his success. If then, we are laboring simply for the pleasure of beating the followers of Abraham, that we may glory over them, why not have him as our candidate? But if we have principles to carry out, if we have doctrines, which, if applied rightly to our country, will restore it to its former greatness and grandeur, let us assert those principles, and support the man that may be chosen as the representative of them. It does not become us, as Democrats, to cavil about this man or that as our candidate.—Our party motto, from the beginning, has been, 'principles, not men.' Let us stand by it, no matter what the consequences, and time will at last prove us right.

A few of our exchanges seems to have an idea that the Chicago Convention, will make a 'war platform' for the Democracy in the Presidential contest; we have no fears of any thing of that kind, we would say, if it does, it will be permitted to carry on the contest on its own 'own hook,' for honest Democrats will support no such a platform, and no man willing to stand upon it."

From the Hillsboro, Ohio, Gazette.

We must have peace, the war must be stopped or we are ruined forever. The immense debt already accumulated, growing formidable at the rate of two millions daily, demands at our hands an immediate Peace. How shall we obtain peace? We answer by acknowledging the States to be sovereign, by ceasing to destroy ourselves and the people of the seceded States by waging an unconstitutional war on the idea of coercing seceded States back into a volunteer Union. By returning to the cardinal principles of the American Republic, that the States are the sole and sovereign judges of infractions of their essential rights and of the mode and measure of redress. By doing now what ought to have been done in the beginning, allow the seceded States to depart in peace. This is the only road to safety, and the only road by which the Union can be restored.

ITS MOTHER.—Old Giddings claims to be the father of the Republican party; but nothing is said about its mother. We doubt whether it ever had a mother. At any rate it was never worth a dam.—*Holmes Farmer.*

Pigs add proclamations are penned. The latter are put up to show worthlessness, and the former to be cured.

Lincoln once said that he often inquired of himself, after reading the newspapers, whether he was 'Abraham Lincoln or a dog.' He dodged the issue, finally, and strategically dubbed himself 'the government.' It has occurred to us, that his more recent newspaper reading, may have suggested another inquiry, something like the following: 'am I the government, or am I only a flat-headed baboon with an exceedingly long tail?'—*Dayton Empire.*

Jones calls criminals the large circle of his female friends.

Money, like a boot, when it's tight, is extremely trying.

General R. E. Lee and John Brown.

The following extract from a Harper's Ferry letter to the *Pittsburg Chronicle* is believed to be in the main correct:

It was not known to me until yesterday, and may possibly be unknown to you, that Col. R. E. Lee, United States Army, now General Lee, Confederate forces, was one of the chief actors in the prologue to the tragic national drama, the different acts of which the whole country has been watching with such exciting interest for the past three years. It is, nevertheless, the fact, however, let me tell you about it briefly. "Old John Brown," had not only worked at the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, but was intimately acquainted with the details of the works, and knew, besides, what building among the ruins of some fifty now remaining was the strongest for defense.

This was the engine house, and after making a little raid to Halltown, and capturing Colonel Lewis Washington, among other slave owners of the Shenandoah Valley, he moved back to the Ferry, and announced himself with his newly followers in the engine house. The alarm throughout Harper's Ferry that night was terrible, and during the whole of the following live-long day Brown held his position, and having made port-holes through the brick walls, shot several citizens who had the temerity to show themselves about the building. The lookers on were terror-stricken, and two thousand Virginia militiamen, with their captains, colonels, and generals, who had assembled in the vicinity of John Brown's stronghold, not knowing the force that he really had, were completely unoppressed, and waited anxiously for the government troops from Washington, who had been sent for.

By three o'clock the following morning sixty marines under, the immediate command of Lieut. Green, but directed by Col. Robert E. Lee, reached the ferry, and from the capital. Colonel Lee ordered his detail to stand under arms in the public street until sunrise, when he conducted the men, he himself leading them, to the front of the building fortified and occupied by Brown. The lookers on viewed this soldierly movement with astonishment and awe, expecting to see Colonel Lee shot down as others had been. But not a shot was fired. Lieut. Green was ordered to demand a surrender. He, knocked at the door of the engine house. John Brown asked: "Who goes there?" Lieut. Green, United States Marines, who, by the authority of Colonel Lee, demands an immediate surrender. "I refuse it," said Brown, "unless I, with my men, am allowed to cross the bridge into Maryland, unopposed, after which you can take us prisoners if you can."

Lee refused to allow this, and ordered Lieut. Green to renew his demand for an immediate and unconditional surrender.—John Brown refused those terms; and four of the marines, who had got tremendous sledge hammers from the works, began battering at the door of the engine house.—The engine had been moved against the door, and it would not yield. Ten of you, said Lee, "take that ladder and break down the door." Five on each side, the soldiers drove the ladder against the door, and at the third stroke it yielded and fell back. Col. Lee and the marines jumped in—one man John Brown shot through the heart—and then was overpowered and surrendered.—Col. Washington, with other citizens, was released, and John Brown handed over to the civil authorities, after which Col. Lee took the train to Washington again.

And such is the historical episode which I listened to last night to a citizen who was himself a witness to it. Who knows how much it may have influenced Robert E. Lee to forsake the flag of the United States and become a chieftain in the rebel cause?

Gen. Butler's Dog Campaign.

This distinguished chieftain is the architect of a grand campaign against dogs, that will doubtless prove him to be a master of strategy. Resistance on the part of the canines will be futile. The arrangements are of the most complete character, and certain to effect a thorough subjugation. The official order does not divulge the entire plan—policy requiring that there should be some degree of secrecy. We have it from the high authority from the Governor of Virginia, that not only every fourth dog in General Butler's department is to be killed, but that all others are to wear collars. This campaign, like that against the newboys, is calculated to put money in the Major-General's pockets. There is always "speculation in his eyes," which nothing escapes that can be turned to profit. It is rather a singular fact that, when the dog collar edict was pronounced, a Yankee was on hand with a large supply of collars at a dollar a piece, of which Butler's share is like that of a hungry lion—all—except the drippings.

This hero of no battle; this Major-General of the spoils, who never saw an armed enemy, who never heard the crack of a hostile gun, whose deeds of war have been limited to money making, who never had an honorable soldierly aspiration for glory, whose contests have been with unnamed communities, delicate women, revered ministers, poor little newboys and neighbors' dogs, is a very proper person indeed to be a joint partner in any little business so long as it shall either bring or promise to him the profit of a few pennies, though it is in evidence that he prefers a New Orleans million. Bootblacks are dignitaries compared with such Butlers.—*Wash. Union.*

The head gubber of the Alabama is one of the most accomplished artillerymen that was ever in the British navy. He was paid off and got his discharge a few weeks before the Confederate Steamer Alabama sailed, and instead of re-enlisting in her Majesty's navy, took a commission in the Confederate Navy at the very round sum of two hundred pounds sterling a month, in gold.

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned!"